BY MARY D. PRINE.

'Christmas is coming!" the children cry, Counting the weeks that are impring by. Dear little children, who live at home, And do not guess what it is to roam From morn till night, with stockingless feet Up and down, through the ice and sleet.

Christ mas is coming!" thinks !!ttle Tim, But wast can the Christmas do for him? His bome is a cellin, his dathy bread The crumbs that remain when the rich are fed. No mother to kits him when day is gone; No place to be giad in under the sun.

That wonderful fellow, old Santa Claus, Who never is tide a moment, because He is kept as how, with piling the toys Into the stockings of girls and boys. No wonder he sometimes forgets, you know, loto the homes of the poor to go!

But, dear little children, you understand That the rich and poor all over the land Have one dear Father who watches you, And grieves or smiles at the things you do And some of his children are poor and sad And some are always merry and glad.

Christm's will bring to you many joys—Food and plenty, frolic and toys; Christmas to some will bring nothing at all, In place of laughter the tears will fall, Poor little Tim to your door n'y come—Your blessings are many; spare him some.

The Christmas bells will sweetly ring
The song that the angels love to sing.
The song that came with the Saviour's birth;
Peace, good will, and love on earth!"
Pear ittle children, ring. I pray,
Sweet bells in some lourly wart to-day.



LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS. A Good Story for the Boys and Girls.

One wintry day little Mina arose in

the morning and found that her mother was not up.

was not up.

This was strange, for the ain was high and his beams fell aslant through the high garret window upon the bare floor. The stove was cold and the coffee-pot stood empty on the shelf. Mina laughed at the thought that she had waked before her potter. fore her mother. She all waked be-fore her mother. She all pred on her blue woolen dress, her large checked apron, her knitted stockings, and her thick shoes; and having washed her face, and braided her hair in two tight face, and branice her hair in two ught little pigtails, crept around to her moth-er's bed, intending to kiss her awake. But her mother's eyes were wide open, her cheeks were red, and her hair was

her cheeks were red, and her hair was tossed about on the pillows.

"Oh, my child," she cried, as she saw her little girl, "what shall we do now? I am ill. I have a fever of some sort. My head is as heavy as if it was made of lead. I am not even able to rise, much less to go about my work. We shall starve together, you and I, poor, unhappy widow and orphan that we are."

"Oh, no, mother," said Mina. "We need not starve. I can make the coffee, and go and buy the bread and sausage."

"Child, child!" cried the mother,
"very soon there will be no money
to buy anything. I have felt myself
breaking down for a week. I have no
he penow. I must send for the doctor,
when he finds I am not able to pay a. when he finds I am not able to pay him he will send me to the hospital. You, poor little soul, you will soon be motherless as well as fatherless."

The poor woman hid her face in the pillow. Mina wept. Tears ran down her cheeks; but she soon went to the stove, and kindled a fire, and made the coffee, as she had seen her mother do

"The coffee will do you good, mother," she said. But the poor sick mother was too feverish to taste it.

Then, indeed, Mina felt that everything was wrong. thing was wrong.

"Mother," she said, "where does Santa Claus live?"

The poor mother was fast growing de-

"What did you ask?" she said, dreami-"Where he lives? Oh, I do not

know."
"But he could do anything, give anything he chose?" asked Mina.
"Yes," said the foverish woman, "yes—yes; tell him to give me ice—nice, cold, glittering ice—to cool my head—ice, ice."

thing was wrong.

"Christmas time! Christmas time!"
repeated the poor woman, talking more
to herself than to her child; "and Christ-

arm.
"Be quiet, be quiet," whispered the old man. "It is a common name."
"And how did you think of coming here, my little maiden?" as used to be so happy."
At this Mina crept closer to her moth-

At this Mina crept closer to her mother's bed. Yes, in two days Christmas would come. She had looked forward to it so. She had hoped that she would find in her stocking a wax doll with blue eyes, and a candy basket full of sugar plums, at least; but she should not care for them if her poor mother were so sick

"Child! go to the old doctor," said the mother. "Go tell him to come quickly! I must be made well if he can do it! Go!

I must be made well a Go!"

Mina put on her hood and ran away. The good old German doctor came back with her, and felt his poor country weman's pulse, and wrote a prescription, and patted little Mina on the head, and bade her take care of her mother. But the child took nearly all the small purse contained to pay for the powders he had

contained to pay for the powders he had ordered, and though she watched by her mother's bed all day, the mother grow worse. She lay tossing to and fro, talking of the past.

'It was Christmas time when I ran away with your father," she said with the quick speech of fever. "My father did not like him, nor my mother either; so we ran away and were married. We came to this country in a great ship. We were very happy until he died. Mina, do you renember how good he was to us last Christmas? Ah. only for you, only for leaving you, my little girl, it would seem best for me that I am going to him.

name of your mother's father?"

"It was Ansen, Mrs. Santa Claus,"

d Mina.

The old lady began to cry. She caught the child in her arms and kissed her fondly.

"Oh, good Mrs. Santa Claus you will ask Mr. Santa Claus to help mother, won't you?" pleaded Mina.

But now the old couple took her by the hands and led her away to an inner room, where the old lady rumaged in the drawer of a little burear and brought out an old-fashioned daguerreotype.

"See, child," she said. "Don't this look like any one you know?"

"It looks like mother," cried Mina, only—only not so old."

"It is enough," said the old gentleman. "Child, God has sent you. I am not Santa Claus. I am only an old toy-maker, working here in Wechawken—in a strange country to which I came from my fatherland. But my dear, I am your grandfather, and this is your grandmother. We came to America to look for our daughter when we heard she was a widow, but we could not find her. Now we are going to ge and take care of her. We will go with you. And again I say, God sent you."

So in a few moments Mina and her grandparents were on their way across the ferry.

grandparents were on their way across the forry.

It was late in the afternoon when they climbed the string of the It was late in the afternoon when they clim and the stairs of the tenement house. Then the old people waited outside in the entry, and Mina went into the post, half-furnished room and found little Biddy Flynn still waiting patiently.

"What happened ye, Mina?" she asked. "The mother has been fretting for you."

seem best for me that I am going to him.

"Christmas! Oh, in Germany, at home in Germany, we always had a Christmas tree, and we sat together in the parlor, and the window lifted and St. Nicholas came in. He gave us toys and gifts of all sorts. We were glad, and yet frightened. Our wooden shoes were set in a row on the hearth at night. In each we found some gift, Such a supper! dancing! music!

"I wonder whether my old father is dead; whether my old mother lives; whether they forgive me?"

She wept, but little Mina sat thinking. She thought of Santa Claus—old St. Nicholas, the good Christmas friend of all good children—he who would come down the chimney, or in at the window, with any gift he pleased. Surely, if he was so good to her mother when she was a little girl, he would remember her now that she was sick. But how was he to know? He could, if he pleased, give her mother plenty of money. Of that she felt certain. But how was one to find him?

"Mother," she said, "wheredges Santa" asked. 'SThe mother has been fretting for you."

"Oh! my child! I am nearly frightened to death!" sobbed the poor woman.

"Mother!" cried Mina. "Oh, mother! I went to Germany to find Santa Claus—for we never needed him so much. But it was not Germany, and I did not find him; but—oh, mother—I found grand-father and grandmother!"

"Mother! Father!" gried the poor

"Mother! Father!" cried the poor woman; and the next instant they rashed in and had her in their arms.

So Mina had a merry Christmas after all; and you may be sure that her mother got well, and that Senta Claus did not forget her.

A P . ADELPHIA man has perfected ap invention whereby sour kraut can be boiled in the house without any of the inmates smelling it. The invention consists of a small liver-like pad of Limburger cheese worn under the ness.

Philadelphia Chroniels Herald.

"Oh, I will get you some ice, mother," said Mina. "I will get to the grocer's and get some."

She took a bowl from the closet and a remy from the old purse, and ran out of the roce, anutting the door softly behind her.

There was a grocery in the lower part of the house, and she went into it and my wants thunder and lightning, I'm an altopath."

A resy faced Dutch by

CHRISTMAS HUMOR.

THE muss that children are anxious to As the Christmas tree is bent so the youthful heart made glad.

gave her the ice, and he looked so goodnatured that she asked him a question.
"Do you know where Santa Claus
lives?" she said.
The boy scratched his head.
"Yes—he libs in Germany," he said.
Mina's heart leaped high.
"Biddy—little Biddy Flynn," she
called to a child passing the door, "will
you take this bowl of ice up to my mother, and give her some, and stay by her
until I come back. I'll only be gone a
few moments." CHRISTMAS is the anniversary of dys-popsia's fowlest conspiracy against com-Hosa more despised by little shildren than the man who takes no stockin' Santa

few moments."
Good-natured little Biddy took the

She felt that people were amiable in Ger-

"Please, Mr. Santa Claus, I want to speek to you particularly. It is about Christmas."

"So!" cried the old gentleman-and

you are so good, always going over the roofs on Christmas eve, and giving presents to convoled."

bos; was off the man

aster, and the

cross the river.

Claus?

Remember the barber, the bootblack -and the bertender - Advice to Bach Some folks will hang up their stockings

bowl and ran up stairs, end Mina ran down the streets that she knew led to the river, as fast as her feet could carry her. She had two cents in her pocket, and thought that would pay her fare.

A sailor was standing pay a fault stand Christmas eve, and some will hang up the bartender. A sailor was standing near a fruit stand.

Mina looked up into his round, brown face with confidence.

"Mr. sailor," she said, "will you tell me which of those ships go to Germany?" THE man who takes unto himself a wife Christmas eve will be sure to have

well-filled stockings.

It is said that a child born on Christmas will always hate turkey and goose, and lean towards codfish and bacon. "Why, that one yonder, my little lass,"
pointing to one or which the German
flag floated. Mina thought he
meant the little of rry-boat that ran to
Weehawken. THE small boy now puts in eight hours a day flattening his nose against the windows of confectionery and toy stores.

" Is Kriss Kingle alive, papa!"
The small boy said.
"Ab! yes, and 'kicking."
Said the family's head. Weehawken.
"Thank you," sl. sail, and flew away.
A bell was ringing: sle hurried past the
ferry-house, droppi
the hard of the taster, and the OHRISTMAS is rapidly coming this way, and the young man with a No. 9 foot will, as usual, be presented with a pair of

No. 6 slippers. No. 6 slippers.

Lixrey to the sleigh-bells linglet
See the merry snew-flakes minglet
How it makes our lif-blood titrilet
A royal welcome to old Kriss Cringlet
IF you really desire to perpetrate practical joke up in your printer this
year just send him the amount of your subscription on Christman.

and Mina went on some and looked about. A great, good-matured looking man sat smoking his pipe at the door of a shoemaker's shop.

Mina went up to him and said softly:

Please, sir, will you teil me where
Mr. Santa Claus lives?" Mr. Santa Claus lives?" said the man, in broken English. "Vell, I do not know—does he keep show or work at a trade? You tell me vot he is, den maybe I remanular bim." subscription on Christmus.

What time the holidays roll round,
The bar boy, shit in freeks,
Led by the ear, to his ma draws near,
And g teeh bis Christmas box.

"Hang up the baby's stocking!"
shouts the Hackensack Republican. We want it distinctly understood that we haven't any such appendages.

A voryer man who gave his girl a \$75 subscription on Christmas. "He him."

"Don't you know: I thought every one knew Mr. Santa Claus," said Mina.

"He—he makes toys for little children."

"So!" said the German! "So. Yas, I know. Go up dis street and along to the next corner, den you see a little gate. Behind dat you find de man dot makes toys for de children."

Mine said that she was much obliged.

A young man who gave his girl a \$75 gold watch last Christmas, married her during the summer, and now he thinks the present was "time" well spent.

Now comes the season when the young man, on an eight dollar salary, bothers his brains to raise the stamps to get his girl a twenty dollar holiday present.—

Kansas City Times. She felt that people were amiable in Germany, and her hopesrose high. She followed her old German's direction and soon came to a high fence. There was a gate in it. She lifted the latch and opened it, and before her was a low, brown house. Softly also crept up to the window. Yes, yes, she had found Santa Claus at last. There, before the fire, agt a little fat old man with white wind. Christmas falls on Saturday this year,

and severe storms are predicted. The storm will likely break when the young-sters wake up and find their stockings filled with chunks of goal. The morning dawns, and the house-hold is awakened by the sound of drum and fife. But it is not war. It is not the sum-

window. Yes, yes, she had found Santa Claus at last. There, before the fire, sat a little fat old man, with white hair and rosy checks, hard at work with a turning lattle. An old woman, as rosy as he was, was gluing pieces of wood together with a brush—toy chairs, tables, bedsteads, wagons, milk-maids, jointed dolls; and at a table sat four little girls painting away at the finished toys with the brightest colors. Oh! this was delightful, and Santa Claus and his wife looked so kind! Mina knocked on the door. Some one cried, "Herein," and she entered. She stood at the threshold and dropped the little courtesy her mother had taught her, and said:

"Please, Mr. Santa Claus, I want to mores to go out and slaughter the Zulus. Nay, rothren, it is Christmas.—Neu You depress.

"Manna," said the little one, "do you know what you are going to give me for Christmas?" "Why yes," said the mother, "of course I know." "Well, for mercy's sake, don't tell me," responded the wills with great velocopies.

As Christmas approaches, the young man who has been toasting his toes, and lounging on the best parlor sofa, begins to try and get up a quarrel with his young girl so as to escape bankrupting himself on a Chrytmas present—Baltimore Every Saturday. "So!" cried the old gentleman—and truly he was a German—rising. "But what did you call me, little one?"
"Mr. Santa Claus," said Mina. "I've been looking for you all day, and poor mother is so sick. That is why I want to see you. You used to come in at the window on Christmas ove when she lived in Germany, and you always put something in her shoe, and now she cannot carn money because she is sick. I want you to come down the chimney and put enough in her stocking to last until she is well, for father is dead, and we have nobody who cares for us. And you—oh! you are so good, always going over the

SHE tripped o'er the a usay crossing, And the wind, that firrely blew, An inch or so of her ankle Papenta to the public view. "he officer on the next corner Was "laticely beard to say, "That's the picest thing in a stocking I have seen this Caristmas day," "Sixo aye the merry mistletce, The merry, merry mistletce, The mer y, merry mistletce, The mistletce bough."

Now comes Christmas to remind us we Now comes Christmas to remind us we may make our lives sublime, and departing, leave behind us scores of slippers, numbered "nine."—Stittweater Lumberman. Slippers that perhaps another who shall in your footsteps tread—a preferred and biggs brother—may wish they were "test ad.—Rome Scattinet. Slippers thaps a mother, striving hard they will use upon your will be brother, because he won't keep. wet.

"The child thinks you are Santa Claus," whispered the old German woman in her husband's ear. "Oh, how like she is to our little Miua, do you not mong Catholica In Scotland, "Do you speak German, child?" said the old man.
"Yes," said Minh, "It is my mother's and Church of people, Christ-mas is scarcely. Other denomi-ustions who notice the season, defer the rejoicings to Twellin cold Christmas) day. A Scotchman, who was asked how Christlanguage. Yes, I speak it very well."
"And what is your name?" asked the "And what is your name?" asked the old gentleman.

"Mina Hoffman, Mr. Sanţa Claus, if you please," replied Mina.

The old woman caught her husband's arm.

"Be quiet be quiet," whitepored the content of the content of

"Be quiet, be quiet," whispered the old man. "It is a common name."

"And how did you think of coming here, my little maiden?"

"Because you were so good," said Mina. "To-day mother cried and told me how pleasant it used to be in Germany; and oh, Mr. Santa Claus, you must know where her father and mother are. She said she ran away from them; and I know she thought it was very maughty—only what could she do if they wouldn't let father come in?"

"Hans, Hans, it is our daughter!" cried the old woman. "What was the name of your mother's father?"

"It was Ansen, Mrs. Santa Claus," a Mina.

The old lady began to away the state of the youthful scion, "that's always the every mon who can afford it gets drunk."

"On, yes, wait till Christmas," snarled the youthful scion, "that's always the way. If I want a new sled, wait till Christmas; a pair of skates, wait till Christmas, a pair of skates, wait till Christmas; a pair of skates, wait till christm



Coing Forth to Cladden Other

Christmas in England.

Christmas in England.

In England, Christmas is celebrated so regularly and so joyously, that few perhaps are aware of the difficulties once in the way of establishing this glad festival, or of the various names under which it has been honored. Towards the end of the first century, the Christians first found means and courage to make due observance of the anniversary of the nativity of their great ainster. It will have been death to them to mourn on the Roman Empire was rejoicing, to wear signs of gladness on a pagan unducky day. They chose, therefore, the period of the Saturnalia, when half the heathen population was mad with the excitement of enacting revery or witnessing its chactment. According to some writers, the Church authorized the observance of the festival of the Nativity on the 25th of December as early as the middle of the second account.

tivity on the 25th of December as early as the middle of the second century. Others assert that it was not till the fourth century that the season for glad and grateful observance was thus authoritation. itatively determined; and we believe that the latter opinion is the correct one.

that the latter opinion is the correct one. Christmas is the great holiday of the year, when even grandpapas and grandmammas condescend to play the part of children all over again. They seem to recover a remarkable elasticity of step; their miles are indiscriminately bestowed on all around been; their hearts warm with the generous feelings of their long past prime, and the selfishness of old age is for the time subdued. They encourage the little ones in those noisy old age is for the time subdued. They encourage the little ones in those noisy romps which at any other season would give them the headache or prove intolerable to their nerves; they behold without a gesture of angry reproof the kissing beneath the mistletce. But if the "old people" be thus pleasantly influenced by the advent of Christmas, how is it with the young? Who can depict the full sense of happiness unjoyed by the youthful of both sexes at this season of the year! It is not only a holiday in respect to school, but it is a holiday in the midst of holidays—an extra feast occuring in the midst of a series of festivals—the crowning of the brow with flowers in the midst of a delicious garden of floral sweets.

BOUND TO HAVE A GOOD DINNER.

"Have you the heart to turn a cold shoulder on squalid poverty in Christmas times, when all the bells are chimmas times, when all the bells are chiming for joy; when little children caper in happiness over toys, from which they will suck the paint and cry with the stomach ache to-morrow; when every heart is full of praise and gratitude, hilarity and sociability, purse-strings lax, and tables groaning with the fat of the land; have you got the havilines! the land; have you got the hardihood,



mum, to offer a poor unfortunate starying pilgrim cold mutten scraps, sour votatoes and stale bread, when the smell of turkey covers the whole house with a

of turkey covers the whole house with a sweet odor, and every breeze that sails through the streets goes laden with the spicery of toothsome cookery?"

"That's a precious sight better than you deserve," said the haly of the house, "and I hain't got nothing more for you. Eat it up and move on."

"Can you expect that providence will continue to lavish upon you the blessings of comfort and luxury, if you do not in a time like this of general festivity and feasting share with the feeble mendicant that totters to your door, a few crumbs and seasonable tid-bits from your table of abundance, to remind his shriveled palate of the joys of youth and the vicissitudes of after life?" said the blear-eyed vagrant, in plaintive tones.

"You're a lazy, good-for-nothing vagabond—and ought to be ashamed to eat bread you didn't earn," said the woman, impatiently.

"That's a lazy is the said the woman, impatiently.

bread you didn't earn," said the woman, impatiently.

"That ain't it it," resumed the tramp.
"I ask you, as a Christian woman, and the mother of innocent children that may some day walk in my footsteps, if you don't think the leg of a turkey, with an unmistakable suggestion of dressing, and may dap a dish of cranberries to heighten the secance effect, with a cup of coffer for company, and a warm biscuit or two for seein bility, would be about the square thing on an occasion like the present?" present?"
"No, I don't, you lazy loafer. You

"No, I don't, you lazy loafer. You don't deserve a crust."

"Or say, perhaps a half dozen fried oysters, the breast of a chicken, a slice of venison, with a touch of jelly for background, three or four sweet potatoes, a parsnip, or slice of squash, maybe, with a few selections from your assortment of cake thrown in for generosity's sake. Don't that strike you as coming a little more near the embodiment of genuine charity than this froth of the garbage box you have asked me to soil garbage box you have asked me to soil my stomach with?"

"Stop your gab, and clear out, or you shan't have a bite. That's all I have got shan't have a bite. That's all I have got for you. Dinner won't be done for two hours," said the woman, getting mad.

"I don't wish to be importunate, mum, but I wouldn't for the world have the enjoyment of this happy day marred by the thoughts of remorse which will be sure to break in upon you, by and by, when your overloaded stomach begins to attract attention, and make you regret that you did not lessen the temptation to indulge in table excess by sharing your bounty with the humble and hungry waif before you. As for this stuff you've offered me—though I'm suffering tortures for want of food—I have too much self-respect to waste my time on orthres for want of food—I have too much self-respect to waste my time on it to-day. I started out for a Christmas dinner that was worth the name, and I'll find it if I have to work for it. Good day, mum, and a Happy New Year to you—over the left."

A Christmas Snowball.

Snowballs filled with Christmas gifts of whalehone or wires in halves is filled with toys and bon-bons, covered with thick paper, the halves lightly fastened together and covered with pure white wadding. The balls may be made small and the fine of pelting the family with them forms part of the ceremonies of Christmas morning, the ball flying open and scattering the presents over the receiver's head. Or a huge snowball is made and rolled into the room, as part of the Christmas tree festivities. The semivhalebone or wires in halves is filled the Christmas tree festivities. The semicircular whalebone or crinoline "dress improvers" can be put to good use for mowballs in their way by joining a pair and covering round with cotton.

Christmas In Midsummer.

Children, wouldn't you think it funny to see Christmas come in the middle of summer; to have no ree and snow on the ground, and no merry sleigh bells ringing, and nothing to remind you that it was winter? Well, awayoff on the other side of the world Christmas does come in the middle of summer. In Australia on Christmas morning the children say, "Oh, dear! how hot it is. I do wish Christmas came in the winter time." For when it is winter here it is summer there, and when you are lying under a shady tree in July, the little Australia children are running around with winter clothes on, blowing on their fingers to keep them warm. Christmas in Midsummer.

keep them warm.
But whether it comes in summer or winter, wherever the English language is spoken, it is a time of jollity and plenty; of tender feeling and kindly gifts of "peace on earth and good will to men."

He who said, "Suffer little children to He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me" was the great founder of the gladsome "cast of Christmas, and it is in His hone hat we uphold the feast and gladden the hearts of the little ones he loved so dearly. It is a pleasure, a holy pleasure, to make their smiles brighter, their laughter cheerier and more musical. Let us all, then, properly celebrate Christmas Day.

Ir would save a great deal of embar-transment and perhaps add to their emol-tuments if clergymen generally were to charge a fixed rate for marrying couples —say \$5 for the first offence, \$10 for the second, \$20 for the third, and so on. They might even issue tickets, as they do in milk factories, with a reduction to persons taking a grantity. In order to persons taking a quantity. In order to encourage lawful wedlock, the jobshould be done very chenply to young couples, but the clergy could take it out of widow-ers and old bachelors.

A story comes all the way from Atkin-A STORY comes all the way from Atkinson, Kansas, to explain why Clara Louise Kellogg has never married. In her school days she fell in love with a poor boy, and they exchanged very of constancy. She went on the steady made a fortune. He declared the beautiful his wealth ont become her husband until his wealth equaled hers—and it has never done so, though he has struggled hard to increase it to the required amount.

To poets: In order to write poetry suitable for publication, it is necessary, first, either to understand the art of versification or to possess a singularly correct ear; second, the poet must have something to write about, something more than a general desire to die or be a star; and third, when he feels the fit coming on he should go and blacken a stove.

Merry Christmas to All. July 1, 1890

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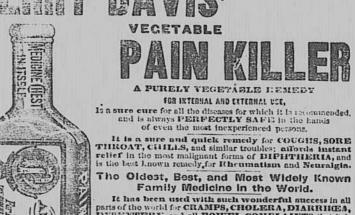
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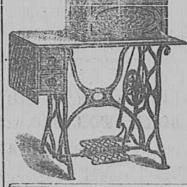
PREPARED BY A PROCESS USED IN NO OTHER MILL.

## IT HAS NO EQUAL 16 Balls to Pound, 1 lb. Packages.

20 Balls to Pound, 2 lb. Paper Boxes. ·Packed in Cases of 20, 30, 50, 100 or 500 Pounds each. Uniform Price. Invariable Discounts.

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The Light Running "PEOPLE'S" SEWING MACHINES.



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"PEOPLE'S" SEWING MACHINE IS light-running, has simple tension, is large, has has easily threaded shuttle, winds a bobbin without running the works of the
MACHINE!
and is so simple in
its construction that it is
casily understood; the People's
Machine is the best for all kinds of
Family Sewing. Best in use.

Where our machines are not represented. Send for circular to the PHILA. SEWING MACHINE CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

WE WANT AGENTS

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS.

AN LAMENSE stock on hand of our own manufacture, both WHITE and YELLOW PINE. Better than any Western made Goods brought to this market. We are constantly Manufacturing and can B! orders of odd sizes at short no-

RETAIL PRICE 35 PER CENT DISCOUNT From Chicago Price List. Special Prices to Contractors.

LONGLEY & ROBINSON, 38 DECATUR STREET, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

BLUE STONE.

WE have just received a large lot of Blue Stone, which will be sold CHEAP for CASH.

## CLOVER SEED.

IF YOU want FRESH CLOVER SEED

call on us and you can get it. DRUGS,

MEDICINES. PERFUMERY And everything kept in a first-class DRUG STORE always on hand in the greatest

WILHITE & WILHITE, No. 6, Granite Row.

WILLIAM G. WHILDEN. Fire and Life Insurange Agent,

Capital Represented over \$67,000,000. CO., of New York. Farm Insurance on favorable terms.
Virginia Inland, Marine and Fire Insurance Co., Columbus Banking and Insurance Co., Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company.

Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company.

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Insurance taken on COTTON GINS,

SAW and GRIST MILLS.

Surveys on property offered for Insurance made in any part of Anderson and adjoining Counties by addressing

WILLIAM G. WHILDEN,

Williamston, S. C.

August 26, 1880 Williamston, S. C.

SPOOL COTTON.



GEORGE A. CLARK, SOLE AGENT, 400 BROADWAY, - NEW YORK.

SINCE the introduction of this Spool Cot-SINCE the introduction of this Spool Cotton into the American market, its success has been unprecedented. No other brand of thread has ever met with the same amount of public favor in the same space of time.

The 'O, N. T.' manufacturers were the first to recognize the importance of the Sewing Maghine and to make a six-cord cotton, which has ever since been the recognized standard for machines.

All the improvements in machinery that the inventive genius of the nineteenth century has produced have been adapted by the manufacturer of 'O, N, T.'

At all the great International Fairs of the world, 'O, N, T.' has been awarded the highest honors.

world, "O. N. T." has been awarded the highest honors.

The "O. N. T." factories at Newark, N. J., and Paisley. Scotland, employ 5,200 operatives — make sufficient thread daily to go around the world four times,

Consume 140 tons of coal daily.

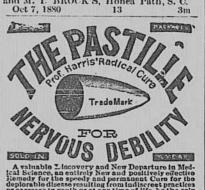
The manufacturers of "O. N. T." are the largest manufacturers of Spool Cotton in the world.

largest manufacturers of the Spool Cotton world.

A full assortment of this Spool Cotton can be had at wholesale and retail at

J. P. SULLIVAN & CO., Anderson, S. C., and M. I. BROCK'S, Honea Path, S. C.

13 3m



A valuable Lincovery and New Departure in Medical Science, an earliety New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent Cure for the deplorable disease resulting from indiscreet practices or excesses in youth or at any time of life, 37 the only true way, viz: Direct Application acting by Absorption, and ozerting its specific influence on the variety of the properties of the properties, and ozerting its specific influence on the properties, and ozerting its specific influence on the variety of the properties of the Pastille is attended with nr. 's' nor inconvenience, and dees not interfere with the ordinary permuits of life; it is quickly dissolved and soot, absorbed, preducing an opicity of the properties o

New Advertisements. GUIDE TO SUCCESS, FORMS BUSINESS and

Is BY FAR the best Rusiness and Social Guide and Hand-Book ever published. Much the latest. It tells HOW TO DO EVERYTHING in the best business correctly and successfully. How to do business correctly and successfully. How to do the society and in every part of life, and contains a gold mine of varied information indispensable to all classes for constant reference. AGENTS WANTED for all or spare time. To know why this book of REAL value and attraction sells better than any other, apply for terms to DOUGLASS BROS., Philadelphia, Ps., and Cincinnati, O.

HILL'S SOCIAL AND BUSINESS MANUAL, Laws of Ediquette, filbles and other salable books. Best agents wanted. W. H. SHEPARD, 96 Fulton St., N. Y.

LUMBER! LUMBER! A LARGE lot of good Lumber is kept constantly on hand at my Lumber Yard at the Blue Ridge Depot in Anderson and orders for large or small lots of any kind desired will be promptly filled at low prices. Mr. Robert Mayfield is my agent for the sale of Lumber at Anderson, and will furnish any information desired to persons wishing to make an order.

JOHN KAUFMAN.

Jan 30, 1879 29 ly

HERMANN BULWINKLE. Factor & General Commission Merchant, CHARLESTON, S. C.,

DEALER in GERMAN KAINIT, or POTASH SALT, Peruvian Guano, No. 1 and No. 2. Pure Pish Guano, Nova Scotia Land Plaster, Ground South Carolina Phosphaic, and other FERTILIZERS, Also, CORN, OATS, HAY, &c.

Orders filled with dispatch, and liberal advances made on consignments of Cotton and other Produce 17-3m

ARCHEDY THAT IS A SURE and EFFEC.
A tual cure for all diseases of the Blood, Skin,
Sendula, Cancer in its worst form, White Swelling,
Catarrh of the Womb and all Chronic Sories, no
matter how long standing, we guarantee a cure it
our remedies are used according to directions.

Smith's Scrofula Syrup

STAR CURINE.

With these two Medicines combined, we have cured hondreds of cases of the different diseases mentioned above.

Smith's Scrofnla Syrup

Is an internal remedy, one of the best blood pariers now known to the American people.

STAR CURINE

Is an external remedy; by applying it on the out side and taking Smith's Scrotula Syrup, your case will be easy to cure. If you will call on or address us we will take pleasure in showing you hundreds of certificates from parties living in this state that you are well acquainted with, that have been curred sound and well by using Star Curine and Smith's Scrofula Syrup. If you are afflicted with any of the above mentioned diseases do not think your case will get well without treatment. Do not delay. The sooner you get to using our two remedies, the sooner you will be restored to health and happliness.

happiness. Call on Daniel & Marsh at ouce, before it is too late, and get a bottle of Smith's Sgrolaka Syrup and Star Curine. Read the following certificate:

lanta:
Gentlemen—This is to certify that we have tried
Smith's Serofula Syrup in several old chronic cases
of catarrh, cancer, sore legs, etc., and we cheerfully recommend it to the public as the best, safest
and most reliable Blood Purifier that can be used
for all diseases for which it is recommended.

Respectfully,

R. HARTMAN & Co.

All communications should be addressed to DANIEL & MARSH

For sale by Dr. T. A. Hudgens, Honea Path, S.C., and Rogers & Clinkscales, Williamston, S. C., and J. R. Williams, Central, S. C. 6m

ANDERSON COUNTY. COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

T. T. Wakefield, Administrator of Estate of Tucker W. May, deceased, Plaintiff, against Mary Fowler, Hantah May, et al, Defendants.—Summons for Relief, Complaint not served.

To the Defendants, Mary Fowler, Hannah May, Martha Ann McCown, Margaret J. May, Baby May, Elmira Hood, Tucker W. Hood, Josephine Hood, Nancy G. Hood Martha Hood and J. W. Norria: YOU are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said expudient on the subscribers at their office, at Anderson Court House, within twenty days after the service kateof, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you tail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plainiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated August 27th, A. D. 1880.

MOORE & ALLEN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

[SEAL] JOHN W. DANIELS, C. C. P.

The defendants above named will take notice that this action is commenced for the purpose of selling land of Tucker W. May, deceased, in which you have an interest, in aid of personal assets to pay debts. No personal claim is made against you.

MOORE & ALLEN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

Nov 18, 1880

In testimony I hereunto set my official signature and seal.

[Seal]

Ordinary Houston County, Ga.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Feb. 14, 1879.

We take pleasure in saying that the S. S. S. is giving good satisfaction. We have had excellent results from a number of cases. One gentleman, who bad been confined to his bed six treeks with Syphilitic Rheumatism, has been cured entirely, and speaks in the highest praise of it. It also acts well in primary as in secondary and tertiary cases.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Proprietors, Atlanta, Ga.

P'LAGG'S IMPROVED PATENT LIVER PADI

Costiveness, Hendache.

· CHANGE OF SCHEDULE. On and after Monday, Nov. 8, 1880, the passenger Trains over the Greenville and Columbia Railroad will be run daily, Sundays excepted:

Messrs Danlel & March, 13 Kimball House, At-

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers,

THE STATE OF SOUTH CARCLINA.

Atlanta, Gn.
Sold by Simpson, Reid & Co., and Wilhite &
Wilhite, Anderson, S. C.
Call for a copy of "Young Men's Frieud."
Nov 18, 1880 19 1m

NEVER GETS HARD.

CAN DE MADE ANY STRENGTH DESIDED. LAST
TWICE AS LONG. Direases Cared without Dragging the System,

Chills and Fover,
Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsis,
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Sick & Nervous

These Fads Cure all Diseases by Absorption. No Noxious Pills, Oils, or Poissonous Mediciner are taken into the Stomach. The Pads are worn over the Pil of the Stomach evering the Great Nerve Centres, also the Liver and Stomach. A gentle Verctable Tomicis absorbed into the circulation of the Bloed and Liver, purifying the Bloed, sitmulating the Liver and Edwards to healthy action, and strengthening the Accil. So ligest food. Paice of Pans 81 AND 83 CACIL. SO DE YALL DRUGGIESS, or sent by Mail or Express. Dr All. DRUGGIESS, or sent by Mail Manufactured at 39 & 41 NORTH LIBERTY ST. BALTIMORE, MID. WILHITE & WILHITE Agents, An de oon, S. C. 37-1y

...11 25 a m ...11 45 p m ... 1 30 p m ... 3 58 p m ... 5 11 p m ... 6 29 p m Leave Greenville at.
Leave B-lion
Leave R-lion
Leave Newberry
Leave Newberry
Leave Alston
Arrive at Columbia. Leave Belton
Leave Anderson
Leave Pendleton
Leave Perryville
Leave Scneca City
Arrive at Walhalls

Leave Walhalia.... Leave Seneca..... Leave Perryville... Leave Pendicton Leave Anderson... Arrive at Belton...

DRS. GREENE and GATCHELL, Charlotte, N. C. \$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Out-fit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Au-gusta, Maine. Leave Columbia at.
Leave Alston...
Leave Newberry...
Leave Hodges...
Leave Belton...
Arrive at Greenville...

ANDERSON BRANCH & BLUE RIDGE E. R. EXTRA TRAIN FROM BELTON TO ANDER-SON-DAILY,

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